

Of a sudden, O'Reilly, who had turned and was staring into the black, faced about. That second he had remembered.

"Where's Craig?" he queried swiftly, glancing back the way they had come. "Didn't he follow?"

Until that moment none of the three had thought of the other man. Now they realised that they were alone. But even then two of the trio did not understand.

"Evidently he didn't start," said Mead. "He couldn't have missed the light if he did."

"I remember now he was standing by the door when we left," added Parker.

"Standing by the door, was he?" took up the Irishman swiftly. "As there's a Heaven and a Hell he's not standing there now, I'll wager!"

Again face to face, as when they had first caught sight of that meaning black band, the three spectators there beneath the stars stood staring at each other. It was O'Reilly again who broke the silence.

"Don't you people understand yet what this all means, what's happened?" he interrogated unbelievably.

"It means there's been an incendiary here; I guess there's no doubt about that," said Mead.

"Yes," blurted O'Reilly, "and that incendiary's How Landor, and he's been here within the half hour; and Craig's been alone back there in the ranch house." He paused for breath. "Can't you see now? At last the Indian has found out!"